

ECCHOES FROM THE GLEN

WILLIAM PAGE CARTER





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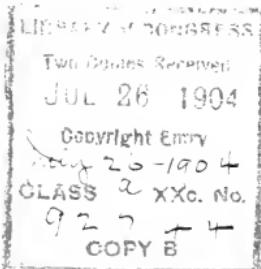


Wm. F. C. Barton

IN DIVERS KEYS

BY
WILLIAM PAGE CARTER

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To the memory of my gentle friend
JOHN ESTEN COOKE

Tender and guileless as a little
child, yet rich in wisdom and in
intellect passing strong

I dedicate this little work.

PREFACE

I am sending this little volume out, more than partly at the solicitations of my friends. That does not appear a very modest and honorable salutation for my readers. Nevertheless it is true, and I trust those kind friends may help to bear the misfortunes and failures which may befall its pathway.

The "Echoes in Divers Keys" have been written from boyhood up : through the time of battles into the quietude of plantation life, long intervals sometimes intervening, which may perhaps account in a measure for the repetition of style and vocabulary.

Let me say that I sincerely hope that those who may chance upon the book may find a bit of restful melody and also a scrap of homely merriment in some of its pages.

With much respect, I am,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM PAGE CARTER.

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AT THE RIPPLING OF THE CORN.

SWEETHEART Lulu ! Listen, listen.
You remember that June morn,
How we met along the cornfield,
 You so shy and I forlorn
And the blushes, oh the hushes—
 At the rippling of the corn.

Sweetheart Lulu ! You remember—
 How we lingered over there,
Till the shadows of the evening—
 Stayed around us rich and rare,
How they glimmered, how they shimmered,
 Shimmered, glimmered in your hair.

Oh the gold hair Sweetheart Lulu !
 Oh the June day scented air,
Oh the roses, roses, roses,
 How they tumbled at my care,
How they rumpled, how they crumpled,
 Crumpled, rumpled in your hair.

Sweetheart Lulu ! over yonder—
 Is the spot still all aglow—
With the colors of the sunset,
 Which as ever blend, and oh !
There your own heart lit my lone heart
 With its love-beams long ago.

Long ago—no, Sweetheart Lulu !
 Not so long when we can bear
Hand in hand the tide of tears.
 Ebb-tide, flow-tide, time and care
So the sorrow of each morrow,
 Shall not tinge your golden hair.

Sweetheart Lulu ! Sit beside me,
 Listen to the rippling corn,
See the sun-floss down the meadows,
 Floss of eve, not floss of morn,
And the eve-time is the weave time—
 Sweet time, floss time of the corn.

PRETTY MISS KATE.

I KNOW that her eyes are soft and bright,
As the summer star of a summer night ;
I know that her smile is sweet and rare
As the golden glint on her tawny hair ;
And I know what the bird in the walnut tree
Ever sings at eventide to me—
Your love is a dainty maid near by,
And you need not dream and you need not sigh,
For as sure as I sing from the walnut tree
Her eyes and her smiles are not for thee.

I know that her song is all divine,
Like the dawn of love in its tender shrine ;
And her heart, I know, is truer far
Than the golden glint or the summer star,
And the wild wind's harp or the mountain's steep
Ever plays for me with its plaintive sweep
What the bird in the tree can ne'er opine —
That the eyes, and the smiles, and the heart are mine.

SNOWDROP AND LILY.

WHEN I was a little lad I named my
Mother's hands Snowdrop one, and Lily two.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 Were the words my Mother said,
As I lisped, " My soul to keep,"
 Two dear hands about my head,
Snowdrop one, oh softly speak
 Gently playing with my hair ;
Lily two — about my cheek
 As she taught my evening prayer,
Softly, saintly, sweetly deep,
 Now I lay me down to sleep.

Two dear hands, oh ! long ago,
 Lily two and Snowdrop one,
And the fire flames ruddy glow
 And the evening prayer is done :
Patter, patter, little feet
 And the trundle and the leap
And the kiss and good-night " sweet "
 And I lay me down to sleep.

Two dear hands, oh where are they?
And I named them as I grew,
Long ago they sped away,
Snowdrop one and Lily two,
Now the apple bloom has come,—
From across the orchards fair—
Scented blossoms fill my room,
And I lisp my Mother's prayer
As the evening shadows creep
Now I lay me down to sleep.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, dear heart, sometime, I know not
when,

We may not sit together, hand in hand,
And watch the sunset colors up the glen
Play hide-and-seek along the yellow sand :
We may not sit together, you and I,
And hear the mock-bird chant the evening song,
Ah me, and talk of days so long gone by
And talk, ah me, of friends all gone so long :
Sometime, dear heart, sometime, I say not why,
We may not sit together, you and I.

Sometime, dear heart, our roses in their glow
Of summer shine may catch the passing air,
And send their kisses—(ah ! we love them so)—
As now to nestle in your sunset hair ;
And one of us alone may then sit here,
And hear the distant church bells' evening swell
And one of us may shed the bitter tear ;
Which shall it be, dear heart? — I cannot tell :
Sometime, dear heart, sometime, I say not why,
We may not sit together, you and I.

Sometime in after years the silent star
Which shimmers yonder in the quiet sky,
May shine, as now it shines, and ah ! how far
May we then be apart, dear, you and I?
And o'er threshold here at even-time
Strange steps may come and go we know not of ;
We may not listen to the church bells' chime
And talk together of the friends we love ;
Sometime, dear heart, sometime, I say not why,
We may not sit together, you and I.

Sometime, dear heart, (it may not be for long)
We shall not sit together hand in hand.
It is the flush of evening and its song
Comes o'er the water and its yellow sand ;
It is the time of evening, and I hear
Sweet voices that I have not heard for years,
Like to a lute-string on the twilight clear ;
I listen, and my eyes are wet with tears.
Sometime, dear heart, when eventide goes by
May we two sit together, you and I.

JESUS, SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

“ **J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul,”
I am standing on the shore;
And before me billows roll,
And behind me wild winds roar,
There, the light of lightning flying,
Here, the rifted spars are lying
And the storm-bird’s mate is crying,
Just above the flashing foam :
’Tis the wreck and wrought of storm,
’Tis the storm-bird’s only home,
’Tis a crucifix of gloom,
Painted yonder on the sky.
At my feet the billows roll —
I am not afraid to try :
“ Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

Jesus, ‘Saviour of my soul,
I have swept my lute in vain,
(As these billows rushing roll)
For one chord of sweet refrain
That might lull my heart’s repining,
And reveal the splendid lining
And the splendor of the shining

Yonder far behind the stars.
Here a rivulet of tears,
Here a barque of rifted spars,
There an Orient of spears,
Gleaning far behind the stars !
Not that I might paint the goal —
Where thou dwellest in the sky —
Thine to guide me with Thine eye,
Let the billows rushing roll,
I am not afraid to try ;
“ Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

“ Jesus, Saviour of my soul,”
I have one that I might bring,
When I leave this moated goal ;
’Tis my snow-white rose of spring,
’Tis my white, white rose of morning,
And with weeping and with mourning
Ere the morrow’s crested dawning,
She would weep herself to sleep
If I left her here alone,
With the wild winds’ angry sweep
And the storm-birds’ lonely moan.
And yon crucifix of gloom

Hanging from the thunders' home ;
Thine to guide us with Thine eye
Let the billows rushing roll,
We are not afraid to try,
“ Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let us to Thy bosom fly.”

CURLS OF GOLD.

GOOD-BY to the Fairest of the Fair,
Dark-eyed and golden-curled.
Good-by to the whitest lily
I ween of all the world ;
She came to us in summer-time,
How tenderly we trod !
That summer morn a thirty month
She went away to God.

She was the youngest — all we had,
(Two others went before)
We kept this shining little star
To light our lonely door,
So bright, so blithe, so full of glee,
A child of gentle mould ;
We revelled in her wealth of love,
And clustering curls of gold.

Good-by to the Fairest of the Fair —
We trembled when we heard
A voice upon the midnight winds,
We want a snow-white bird;

We want an angel pure and bright
With beauty rare, untold—
We want dark eyes and sun-wreathed smiles,
And clustering curls of gold.

And all that night we lingered long,
The silent watch we kept ;
So softly, sweetly, saintly
Our rose of Sharon slept.
And when the morrow's sun was high
The burning tear-drops told
Our snow-white bird had flown away,
And all our curls of gold.

Two little shoes are lying near,
That pattered on the stair,
And the baby hat hangs lonely
On the little high-backed chair.
The spring, the birds, the flowers have come ;
White lambs are in the fold,
But where's the whitest one of all
With clustering curls of gold ?

Good-by to the Fairest of the Fair;

We kissed the chastening rod ;
To sleep upon the mother's breast,

We gave her up to God.

But when winter winds sigh sadly

Round the church-yard dark and cold,
We want our snow-white bird again,

And all our curls of gold.

FIVE WHITE ANGELS IN GOD'S FOLD.

UNDER the moonlight, by the waters,
Buried deep in the dust of years,
Softly silent, saintly silent,
After toils and after tears.
Little hands are near them folded,
Little hearts are still and cold,
Little voices hushed forever,
Five white angels in God's fold.

Spotless Mother, snow-white Sister,
Purely snow-white little band,
Silent in the lonely church-yard
Chanting in the spirit land.
No more waiting for the morning's
Sunlight soft, to chase away
Gloomy shadows of the midnight,
Looking for the steps of day.

No more longing for the sounding
Of that bugle on the breeze,
Softly o'er the far-off river
Resting 'neath the pleasant trees ;

Happy waters, shining valleys,
Cloudlets flashing blue and gold —
Peace upon a thousand mountains,
Five white angels in God's fold.

There are pastures in that glad land,
Stretching yonder green and rare,
The Lion of the tribe of Judah
Is the Shepherd guarding there.
There they break the bonds of sorrow
From the sighing captive's breast,
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

By deep waters in that glad land
Lies the city grandly fair ;
Royal portals, royal banners
Climbing up the royal air.
Gates of topaz, gates of emerald,
Jeweled gates of precious gold,
Peace upon a thousand mountains,
Five white angels in God's fold.

Under the moonlight, by the waters,
Buried deep in the dust of years,
Softly silent, saintly silent,
After toils and after tears.
No more waiting, no more weeping,
Gathering wealth of joys untold,
Safely o'er the far-off river,
Five white angels in God's fold.

ALAS !

THE autumn storm beats o'er the vine-clad
hall,
The autumn leaves are dead, the rain-drops fall,
The autumn leaves fly to the window-sill,
Within is soft and warm, without is hard and chill.
She sits alone ; 'tis twilight ; she is fair,
The fire flame makes gold the nut-brown hair,
The hands are soft and white, the mellow glow
Hath caught the sad, sweet smile, " Ah, friend, I
know,"

She said—

(The raindrops fall),
—" The leaves are dead."

SWEET MISTRESS NANCE OF MILBURN
TOWN.

WHEN I had gone the highway down,
I met sweet Mistress Nancy there,
With bonnet quaint, and jaunty gown,
And sundown glints about her hair.
Such silken hosen ! — dainty feet
That should not climb the mountain lands,
Such wondrous hair, like sheafened wheat
All bursting from its golden bands !

“ Sweet Mistress,” I made bold to say,
“ May I go down the glebe with you ?
I heard a bird sing yesterday —
I wish me what it sang were true.
A robin-bird ” — (My knees did shake
To see that she did so me view),
“ A robin-bird ” — (I did so quake),
“ I wish me what it sang were true.”

“ Ah, Reuben Foster,” quoth the lass—
(What ails the lad that he’s gone wrong ?)
“ Best get thee to thy looking-glass,
What is it of the robin’s song ?

I'll warrant me the bird did flee
Ere thou didst learn it's piping lay —
Ah, Reuben, man — art fooling me? —
And is it naught thou hast to say?"

"Sweet Mistress Nance of Milburn Town,
I am a loutish country lad ;
In bonnet quaint, and jaunty gown,
You quite distract and make me mad."
(And all this time the bonnet's tints
Grew quainter still, I do declare —
And all this time the sundown glints
Made merry with the unsheafed hair.)

"What riddles talk ye, Reuben, man?"
And tossed her wondrous mane along,
"To it again where ye began —
What is it of the robin's song?
I'll warrant me in all the throng
Along the green there's none so rare,
As would not tell a robin's song" —
And tossed again her wondrous hair.

And all this time we passed along,
 The lass did so undo my brain,
I durst not tell the robin's song ;—
 (I wish that we might walk again !
And all this time the highway down
 I went with Mistress Nancy fair,
Up by the glebe, into the town,
 Some sun-glints still about her hair.

THAT OTHER FELLOW.

A LITTLE flower in our garden grew,
A little rose of passion hue,
I mean the flower was a little maid,
I mean the rose — ah well! — they said
Whenever I spoke that name the red,
(Like the autumn flush on the sunset) spread
All up my cheek — and perhaps 'twas so,
For I felt like a regular lubber, you know;
And all day long in the summer shine,
She went her ways and I went mine,
Up by the glen in the mellow glow
Of the tangled sunlight would she go
Down by the glen on the other side,
And we met — my love — and the evening tide
Made chestnut sheen in the blue-black hair,
And the lips were sweet, and the eyes were fair,
And nobody else but we two there
And the world was all of the fragrant air:
And just as the sun, like a torch-light flame
Went out in the west, I breathed her name,
And, would you believe it? — that same old blush
Mixed up my cheek with the sunset flush

The words went jerky and the heart beat so,
And I felt like a regular lubber, you know ;
We met, we parted. I never did tell her
And now she is on with "That other fellow!"

THE LITTLE ROSE OF SHANE.

I SAW a little rosebud,
As I went down the lane,
Not yet a-bloom ; I said I'll wait
 Till I come back again,
Tomorrow, or perhaps some day
 The sunshine and the rain
May open out the bud upcurled,
 And I shall call my ane
The rose, white rose of all the world,—
 My sweet white rose of Shane !

Tomorrow I went back the way,
 And heeded not the rain
That shimmered in the white, white sun
 Aslant, athwart the lane ;
It was the softest, sweetest sun,
 The sweetest, softest rain,
Yet I but heard the whispering
 That came akin to pain,
From up the glebe where I had left
 My rose, white rose of Shane.

There was a mill wheel by the way,—
I asked the miller's swain
If he might tell me aught that happ'ed
Since I came down the lane.
Yet I but heard his answer
In the mill wheel's sad refrain,
In the dripping of the water
As it helped to fill the main —
Something akin to tears
In their ecstasy of pain :
Ah me ! some one had ta'en away
My rose, white rose of Shane.

OLD SONGS.

I SIT by the blaze of the parlor fire,
The storm and the sleet I hear outside,
The clock on the stair seems never to tire,
Old songs come in with the evening tide ;
They set me to thinking — I cannot tell why —
Of the long ago past my singers have trod,
And the ladder they climbed from the earth to the
sky,
To strike on their harps in the choir of God.

They set me to thinking — the songs that are old —
They come from the depths of the twilight gloom,
By glebe of forest and frozen world —
They bring me smiles and tears from home ;
Some silvered hair and deep dark eyes,
And snowdrop hands (in mine they glide),
The hands are cold, some tears will rise —
When her songs come in with the evening tide.

They set me to thinking — the songs of the past —
Of the battle shout and a thousand spears,
That shimmered to Malvern's bugle blast,
And bathed their sheen in a thousand tears.

“The broken shaft” (the dead are brave),
And a lonely rose on the green hillside,
The apple-bloom blows o'er his grave,
And his songs come in with the evening tide.

They set me to thinking — the songs that are old —
Of the spring-house hill and the big old tree,
And the flicker a-bobbin’ her head of gold,
She dwelt in the tree, and is dead, “Ah me ! ”
And Mammy all turbaned in white and red,
“A-nussin dem children,” with motherly pride ;
“Keep off er dat grass.” “Ah ! ” Mammy is dead,
And her songs come in with the evening tide.

They set me to thinking — the songs of the past —
Of one whose voice was soft and sweet,
She climbed the ladder to the round that was last,
The Master smiled and she kissed His feet;
I like them better — the songs that are old ;
They were sung by mine on the other side,
The storm and the sleet are cold, so cold,
And the echo comes with the evening tide.

I sit by the blaze of the parlor fire,
The storm and the sleet I hear outside,
The clock on the stair seems never to tire,
And a song comes in on the evening tide ;
'Tis the note of a bird whose white, white crest
Is bright with peace as the sun of day,
In the morning of God she built her nest
And at even-time she sped away.

THE PALE LENT LILY.

(Written in an Album.)

EVVA has asked that I write something here
Upon this little page. What shall it be?
A song of other days — ah, Mother, dear,
 All smiles and sunshine I remember thee.
Oh, smiles of sunshine — oh, deep eyes of light,
 In the dim distance of departed years!
I see thee still in dreams. Ah! vision bright —
 Untouched by sadness, and undimmed by tears.
Sweet angel-mother, all lily-white and chill,
Ah, folded snowdrop hands, forever still.

“ Daughter :

Out on the distant hills afar

The wild wind’s harp is playing o’er my grave :
Thou has not been forgotten : like a star
 That shines at midnight o’er the lonely wave,
So waits my soul for thine. Canst thou not tell
 That we must meet again? Even now I hear
A song upon the waters, and its swell
 Lute-like and sweetly soft, falls on my ear,
Down the deep realms of time. Hush! List its strain
White as eternal peace : ‘ Two souls shall meet
 again.’

“ Mother :

How many years ! Long, long ago,

I placed a pale Lent lily at thy home ;
The wild wind’s harp is playing there I know,

And yet my lily grew and grew to bloom ;
Its folded leaves are tender, soft, and sweet,

It is the whitest lily in the land.

Oh, when I come the storm-tossed waves to meet,

Wilt not thou be the first to take my hand ?
And oh ! the pale Lent lily, rich and white, and rare,
You’ll know me by the pale Lent lily in my hair.”

O, STAR, WHITE STAR.

I HEARD a bird sing sweetly yesterday,
It must have been a bird from my old home,
Down by the waters far, so far away
Where lilies blend, and summer weaves her bloom.
I wonder if the nest hangs on the bough,—
(It must have been that bird grown old in years)—
I wonder if the smoke curls westward now,
And if his— ah, me ! — these are my tears :
Kind tears they are.

The carol of that bird
Hath told me of a thousand scenes afar :
A world of sunshine and soft winds that stirred
Ever the balm of flowers.

O Star, white Star,
That shimmerest yonder on the cruel deep,
Thou didst not tell me that the waves would mar
Ever my wealth of joy. Proud waters sweep
On to the ocean's crest, and stay not here ! —
Thy billows haunt me, and thy dark, sad tone
Is deathless ; so sweep on cold bier,
I am a mourner, and my home is lone.

Ah, my deep grief! I never thought that I
Should linger here, and my strong boy should go
And tread the pathway up beyond the sky;—
It is not far—but I did love him so
'Tis but a step 'twixt me and my sweet dead;
And I shall feel his tender pulses beat,
And I shall lay my arms about his gentle head,
Then we will kneel and kiss the Master's feet.

Come on, kind tears, again. O Star, white Star,
That watches yonder on the cruel deep,
Thou didst not tell me that the waves should mar
Ever my long-time joy! Proud waters sweep
On to the ocean's crest and stay not here,—
My soul is desolate, and my home is drear.

GRADY OF GEORGIA.

Christmas—1889.

DOWN the waters of Savannah,
Proud old city of the sea,
By the domes of grand Atlanta,
Muffled bells ring o'er the lea.
The harvest sheaf is gathered in,
The birds are in the nest
The violet for loneliness
Hath wept itself to rest.
Down the valleys of our Southland
Muffled bells ring soft and low,
Up beyond the Northman's border
Christmas bells ring o'er the snow
And the maidens of Atlanta
With hearts of love entwine
“A crown of grief and tears,”
With the mistletoe and vine.

What's the matter with Atlanta,
That her bells refuse to chime
In this sheafing morn of cheer
In this happy vintage time?

And the maidens, that they go not
 To the merry feast to-day?
What's the matter with the Georgian boy,
 Who flings his horn away?

The strong man and the matron,
 The gentle maid and boy,
Have wept a flood of mingled tears
 That swept away their joy.
From Chesapeake's cold waters ?
 Our hearts are hushed in gloom
To where the crescent bends her bow
 And the pelican waves her plume.

Oh, Christmas bells of Bunker Hill,
 Ring out across the snow,
And mingle with the muffled bells
 Of Southland sad and low,
The masters of your citadel
 Who wear the ancient crest,
Ne'er hung upon such words of fire
 Since Webster went to rest.

Ye sturdy lads of Boston,
And honest men of tan,
We sent to you the olive-branch,
Now kiss it, man for man.
And ye, old soldiers of the North,
Ye braves who are not dead,
Ye do not wish us to forget
That crucifix of red !
He twined it with the olive branch,
And crossed the Field of Mars ;
Then climbed the rugged steep of death,
And went beyond the stars.

Atlanta, O Atlanta !
And Georgian hills afar,
Where blaze the urns of statesmen still,
Like some volcanic star.
The daughters of Virginia,
Where Stonewall rode for Lee,
Have weaved a cup of immortelles,
Filled up with tears for thee.
The maidens of her lowlands
Go not to feast to-day,
And the fair-browed boy of Richmond
Hath thrown his horn away.

GOOD NIGHT.

OUT in the mist and the darkness,
Out by the hills afar,
Up by my Lady's window pane
I see a falling star ;
I know that my love is watching there,
And waiting that shining light,
For I send a kiss by that falling star, —
“Good night, sweetheart, good night.”

Out in the mist and the darkness,
Out by the waters grand,
Where sea-wave chases sea-wave,
Up to the silver sand ;
I know my Lady is list'ning there
In her chamber warm and bright,
For I send my love by those chasing waves
“Good night, sweetheart, good night.”

Up through the mist and the darkness,
I look where the angels are,
I know that my love will send to me
A kiss by some falling star ;

And down by the grand old waters
Where the waves come back in their flight,
I am list'ning the love they bring to me,
“ Good night, sweetheart, good night.”

OUR BRAVE LITTLE MAN.

A LL torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat,
As it hangs on the rack in the hall.
There's mud from home on two little shoes
 Where he played on the hills last fall ;
There's dust on the kite and the little stick-horse
 Stands still as ever he can,
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
 For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a song of bird, nor bloom
 Of rose that blows in the spring,
Nor shout of the boy, nor gleam of sun
 But where some tears will cling.
There's never a flash of the evening star
 On the hearthstone's fireside
Of winter night but will bring some tears
 For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were ; we kiss them for him,
 And lay them out of sight,
The two little shoes, the torn old hat,
 The little stick-horse and kite ;

And down in his pocket a rusty nail,
A bit of chalk and string,
A broken knife, an alley or two,
Oh ! the birds, the bloom, and the spring
And star of God at morning's song,
Noon time and twilight tide,
One sweet little face, some tears will come
For the brave little man that died.

MATERA.

THIS is your room Matera, and your chair
Sits where the flame made sweet the silver
hair,

Your hair was ever sweet in sweetness rare —
When winter came and snowdrops drifted there.

Some tears will come, Matera : Do you know
The days go quicker when some tears do flow?
I durst not tell thee why but it is so :
Do you remember, dear, one year ago ?

'Twas evening time, Matera : twilight tide
Found us both here together side by side,
I held your hand, dear hand replete with joy,
Softest to me e'en when your wayward boy.

Repentant I, Matera ! Oh past years !
They come in dreams and speed away in tears,
Remembered smile, sun soft to me the while,
Oh dearest tell why angels claimed your smile !

You loved me so, Matera ; Oh deep eyes !
Illumined stars, lumined of Paradise,
Why was it dearest (you are more than wise
In angel lore) did they so crave your eyes ?

I loved you too, Matera, yours was lore,
From mines of mind deep with the richest store,
Old books you read, old legends told by score,
Oh dearest tell why angels craved your lore.

'Tis evening now Matera, I am lone,
Evening and twilight tide, the wind harp's tone—
Comes up the glebe ; the fire flame burns low ;
Twilight and evening tide some tears will flow.

THESE SUMMER DAYS.

THese summer days they come, they come
and go,

They are too long, it was not always so,
For I remember at our harvest moon
She said, "These summer days they go— they go
so soon."

It seems so strange the summer winds still blow,
Just all the same the meadow daisies grow ;
And I remember at our harvest moon
She said, "These summer winds and daisies go so
soon."

It seems so strange, the little bird still sings
Just at our window where the creeper clings,
And yet, I think his notes are somewhat low,
Perhaps, perhaps, because he loved her so ;
And I remember at our harvest moon
She said, "Our little bird will go, will go so soon."

WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN.

“ **S**UMMER! beautiful Summer!”
And a glow in the west they say,
I did not see the aspen tree—
For the tears that came that day,
Nor glow in the west, nor aspen tree,
For tears, when the sun went down for me.

“ Summer! beautiful Summer!”
And a star in the western sky,
That sat like a queen in her royal sheen,
When the glow in the west came by.
And they met and kissed at the aspen tree
In tears, when the sun went down for me.

“ Summer! beautiful Summer!”
And a rose-bush grew for me.
It bloomed a flower 'mid sun and shower,
Under the aspen tree.
And the glow and the star and the rose and tree
Were tears when the sun went down for me.

REMEMBRANCE.

SWEET as the balm of sweetest rose that grows,
Sweet as the sweetest blush of sweetest rose,
Sweet as the stars when maidens call them sweet,
Sweet as the kiss of love when lovers meet,
Sweet as the battle song to victors' ears,
Sweet as the battle lute unswept with tears.

And I remember (listen, and I'll tell)
The dripping of the mill wheel as it fell,
The dripping of the mill wheel soft and low,
The evening star, the star and evening glow,
The evening prayer, the prayer, and evening joy,
And I remember now, "Good-night, my boy."

"Oh, eyes," deep down, and midnight deep-down
eyes,
Soft as the shine of June-time softest skies,
"Oh, hands," dear hands, laid gently on my head,
Soft eyes, dear hands, can it be "ye are dead?"

A MESSENGER.

SWEET little star outside my lattice there,
Come quick, I'll make a messenger of thee ;
I'll send thee outward, southward to the sea;
But star go softly, tho' she be debonair,
The little maid is listening, " have a care."

The bells, the bells are ringing, " Star out there,"
Go " quick," tap gently at her window pane,
Stay not for frozen cold or winter rain :
Shine out your brightest, lest her burnished hair
Outshine your burnished brightness, " Star beware."

The orange bud is bursting, " Star out there,"
Go " quick " and outward to the Southern sea,
See if a soldier rough and grim like me
Will bind the orange bloom about her hair.
He should be tender " Star " and every blossom rare.

The wedding bells are ringing, " Star out there,"
I'd have thee sad, and sigh and weep and sigh,
And say, " Good-by, sweetheart, sweetheart good-
by."

“ Stay one moment,” this immortelle I wear,
Drop it, sweet star, amid her burnished hair,
You’ll know her by her smile, then “ Star, beware,”
Your brightest beams may pale, the Demoisel is fair.

The marriage harp is playing, come “ quick ” and
home why sigh ?

What said she, gentle Star,
“ Good-by, sweetheart,”
“ Sweetheart, good-by.”

ALBUM LINES TO MISS E. C. B.

I WONDER what the winter winds are saying,
Out on the hills tonight, and far away :
I wonder where the little birds are straying,
That sang their pleasant songs last summer day :
The winds are angry and the birds are gone :
May all your day be summer, and
Your night be morn.

The "Glen,"

Winter of 1882.

LA BELLE VIRGINIENNE.

IT'S up the street she comes at morn,
With winter glow about her face,
And on her lips the summer dawn,
And in her eyes the spring-time grace,
And autumn floss and autumn sheen—
About her hair

La Belle Virginienne.

And autumn sheen and autumn floss—

I warrant me were ne'er so fine,
'Twere hair that made the autumn gloss,
And eyes that made the spring-time shine,
And winter glow ne'er kist a queen,
Nor summer dawn — like
Belle Virginienne.

And not a rose that blooms in spring

And not a star that lights the sky,
Nor gleam of sun nor birds that sing,
But when she softly trips it by—
Will each and every one be seen
To catch the smile—of
Belle Virginienne.

And down the glebe she goes her ways,
All bonnetted ; the sun durst weave —
Sweet gold about her temple — bays,
No heart I trow upon her sleeve ;
She's true, the lads all say a queen,
I toss my cap —
La Belle Virginienne.

To S. R. C. (AT TEN YEARS OLD).

SOFTLY silent, saintly silent
Fall the snow flakes, snowy white;
Softly, sweetly; saintly, sweetly
Ring the Christmas bells tonight.
Little sister, after tripping
Gayly around the Chrismas tree,
Softly, sweetly; saintly, sweetly,
Say your evening prayer for me.

(Written on Christmas Eve.)

AT THE MAKING TIME OF HAY.

"I'LL whip you well if you don't go"—

To his little stick-horse he cried,
And flash went the glint in his big brown eye,

The glint was his mother's pride.

"Come right up here to the stable door,

And eat some corn and hay"—

And his little old shoe came off in the mud,

As he pranced around in play.

His mother said the glint was a gleam

From a star that fell that way

"Not long, not long ago," she said,

"At the making time of hay."

'Twas a brave little man where I have been

Down in the land of flowers,

Who toddled away from morn till night

Passing the happy hours.

Not quite yet five years old was he,

With a touch of gold in his mane,

Which he tossed about in a reckless way,

As he whipped his horse in vain.

His mother said 'twas an angel's kiss
The gold in his splendid hair,
The angel came at set of sun,
Wove it and left it there.

And the evening flush made an angel's kiss
She said, on the rolling spray,
As the evening gun boomed up from the sea
A last good-by to-day.
"Not long, not long ago," she said,
"At the making-time of hay."

"Now you stand there in the stable, mind,
And don't you kick any more,"
Sang out our man to his little stick-horse,
Who stood by the stable door.
And off he ran with all his might
In search of his lost little shoe.
Oh the tears came and the tears went,
He fell and he puffed and he blew.
And a burst of sun broke out through the tears
As he laughed and scolded too.
His mother said the tears were pearls
That fell with the dew one day,
In the even-tide not long ago,
At the making time of hay.

Then an angel came in the silent night
We heard his tap on the door,
As our brave little man laughed out in his sleep,
“Now don’t you kick any more.”
We could not rest his tired head
Since he sought for his lost little shoe—
Oh, the tears come, and the tears go
And the fireside smiles are few,
And the little stick-horse stands firm and still
In his stable by the door,
List’ning, perhaps, for the little voice,
“Now don’t you kick any more.”
Two little shoes tied up with some hair,
We have softly laid away;
Perhaps we may open and look next year,
At the making time of hay. . . .

And his mother said, “Five years ago
At even-song today
An angel brought our brave little man
At the making time of hay.”

WAR POEMS

THE WHITE, WHITE ROSE.

O GEORGIA girl, with the storm-black eye,
Don't you mind, long ago, when the troops
marched by,

Down the quaint old town of Maryland,
The sorry little lad in Stonewall's band,
('Twas a beautiful eve of a blue June day)—
In his tattered cap and jacket of gray!
You smiled: but you pressed the sun-browned hand
Of the sorry little lad in Stonewall's band.

O Georgia girl, with the hanging hair
Of russet and gold, in the sun-down air,
Don't you mind that rose from the border-land
That you gave to the lad in Stonewall's band?
'Twas a white, white rose, as rose could be—
And you stood 'neath the leaves of a maple tree,
You said, " 'Tis a rose," — and you gave it a toss:—
" For the sorry little lad on the chestnut horse."

O Georgia girl, with the tripping feet,
Don't you mind that house on the great big street?
And the ball that night? — and the banner-decked
hill?
For a bold old rebel was Dr. McGill.

O the waltz, and the seat on the winding stair
And the storm-black eyes, and the red-gold hair,
And the smile — ah, smile like the noon-time sun.
O Georgia girl, was it all for fun ?

O Georgia girl, 'twas a sweet farewell
To exchange for the burst of shot and shell
At Gettysburg : but the red-gold hair,
And the eyes, and the smile, and the rose went there.
Up by the guns of the dauntless foes
Went the eyes, and the smile, and the white, white
rose,
Safe under the stars of the flaming cross
But the bullets made merry with the chestnut horse.

O Georgia girl, 'tis a long time ago ;
Still the seasons come, and the roses blow :
There's the white, white rose, and the rose that is
grand,
But none like the rose from the border-land !
'Tis a long time ago, ah, sad are the years !
Broken the lute that was swept with tears ;
Shattered the spear and crumbled with rust,
Tired the feet with the battle dust :
But the white, white rose the dews still unfurl
For the sorry little lad, from the Georgia girl.

I AM DREAMING.

A WAKE ! awake, thou dreamer !
Awake to the mournful blast,
Notes of our martyred freedom,
Dead music of the past !
Awake ! the spear is broken,
The blade hath turned to rust,
And the warrior's red-cross banner
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

Awake ! awake, thou dreamer !
The voices of the slain
Come o'er the still, deep waters,
In sad and solemn strain ;
And the night winds echo sadly
The songs of buried years,
And there morning brings upon its crest
A rivulet of tears.

What see you, silent sleeper
In the far-off land of dreams ?
What see you by the valleys,
And the pleasant, sounding streams ?

Are there orange groves in blossom,
Is there gold upon that strand ?
Is there joy, or is there mourning,
In that far-off misty land ?

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the lightning's lurid glare,
Like a meteor in its madness,
Rushes through the midnight air
And I see the red-cross banner
In the rifted cloudlets' wave,
And I hear the battle-shoutings
Of the gallant and the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,—
And the cannon's deadly roar
Rolls up the steep, blue mountain
Along the other shore :
And I see a lordly gentleman
Ride out to lead the way —
He is the knightliest gentleman
That ever wore the gray.

Down to the shock of battle,
Through fire, and smoke, and blood,
He rides him down right gallantly
To stem the ebbing flood.
Two glittering stars about his throat,
No sword he wears, I ween—
He is the comeliest gentleman
That ever I have seen.

So calm, so stern, so debonair,
No plume upon his crest—
He goes the war-path gallantly,
No shield upon his breast.
He rides his good horse, “Traveler,”
Right to the fore rides he :
His sire was “Light Horse Harry,”
And his name is Robert Lee.

And yonder in the tempest,
Down by the smoky plain,
One rides in armor burnished bright,
And burning spear amain.
His brow is clothed in thunder,
His right arm raised on high,
Mars-like he rides to battle,
As he rode in days gone by !

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the blushing rose of morn
Is shaking from her leaflets young
Bright crystals newly born.
The midnight is asunder,
Still the carnage revels high,
And still rides Stonewall Jackson,
As he rode in days gone by.

Now hark the bugle's pealing !
See the flashing sabres shine
Against the day-god of the east,
Along the charging line ! —
I hear a merry clink of steel,
And a laughter ringing far,
'Tis the chestnut-bearded Stuart,
Our Harry of Navarre !

I am dreaming, and there's weeping,
In yon grove upon the hill —
There a noble form is hushed in death
A gallant heart is still,
On the banners of his legions
His star of glory shines,
'Tis Rodes, the fair-haired chieftain,
Who charged at Seven Pines.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And a black plume waves on high,
So graceful, yet so terrible,
Above a flashing eye.
The mountains quake and tremble,
Still that warrior takes no heed,
'Tis Ashby, rides the vale of death
Upon his milk-white steed.

And oh! a song of boyhood
Is floating up the glen,
And a happy voice of bygone years
Is cheering on his men.
With gleaming eye he charges
And a soul for a soldier's fate —
'Tis Ramseur, dashing Ramseur,
The pride of the old North State.

Who comes with visage strong and stern
Upon his foaming bay?
A stout and hearty fighter,
“Old Blucher” clears the way;
With sturdy cane of oak aloft
He leads them up the glade
'Tis Allegheny Johnson
With the old “Stonewall” brigade.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And a grave a long time made
I see upon the battle's front
And at its head a blade.
A better never flashed in war
Nor carved a prouder name.
Upon its hilt shines "A. P. Hill,"
Its sheath an oriflame.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the flaming dogs of death
Are bursting grape and shrapnel
Upon the battle's breath.
And there, beside the cannon's mouth
All battle scarred and grave
Stands Hood, the lion-hearted,
The bravest of the brave.

Oh waters, deep blue waters
And hills of Maryland,
Saw ye the chieftain Picket,
With slogan and with band?
He went across your border
With banners and with spears,
And crowned the heights of Gettysburg
With glory and with tears!

I am dreaming, I am dreaming
And the stars and bars on high
Wave o'er the fiery Ewell's front,—
His is to do or die !
And a sound of distant music
Brings back old home-time joys,
'Tis the son of old Zack Taylor
And his Louisiana boys !

And yonder cheering on his braves
Is Hill, Carolina's pride—
The handsome John Magruder
Is fighting at his side.
Bold Pegram holds the bridge to-day
With Garnett at the Ford,
And I see the gray-haired Armstead
With his hat upon his sword.

Charge, Dearing ! Charge !— the Northmen
Are pressing Pender sore ;
And Cobb, the valiant Georgian
Can hold his own no more.
See Pettigrew among them !
No quarter does he beg,—
And yonder sleeps the sleep of death
The gallant Maxey Gregg.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And my comrades of the past
Are waiting in the valley
For the bugle's onward blast —
John Pelham, Brown, and Pegram,
Will Randolph, true and strong,
And the smiling boyish Latimer,
A sunbeam in that throng.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the stars refuse to shine,
The eastern sun breaks o'er the hills
Like some volcanic mine.
The sickle of the reaper gleams
Along the morning's breath ;
'Tis the sickle of the reaper,
'Tis the harvest-time of death.

I hear the bird's song in the trees
The softest, sweetest strain,
They sing for all our Southern land,
And for our Southern main.
Down by the groves he loved so well,
Wrapped in those stars of fame
Lies dead, our grand old President —
I will not call his name !

Awake, awake, thou dreamer !
The voices of the slain
Come o'er the still deep waters
In sad and solemn strain.
Awake ! the spear is broken,
The blade hath turned to rust,
And the warrior's red-cross banner,
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

PELHAM OF ALABAMA.

UP to the forefront, spoke never a breath,
Up to the battle, the cannon, and death,
Up by the fierce guns, over the Ford,
Rode young John Pelham, his hat on his sword.
Out spoke bold Stuart, our cavalry lord,
“ Back to your guns, lad ” ; never a word
Uttered the gunner as onward he spurred,
On with the cavalry — no business there :
Backward the winds blew his bright yellow hair,
Back blew the battle smoke from the red fire,
Up rose the battle dust higher and higher,
Out rang the silver notes clear as a bell,
Heard above bursting of shrapnel and shell :
Out rang the orders from Fitz Lee, the brave —
“ Charge the left battery ! ” God ! 'tis his grave !
On by the crashing balls, hissing balls, then, —
Sabres and pistols and horses and men
Over the hill went, over the dead,
Fitz Lee and cavalry — Pelham ahead !
Down by the sulphur smoke to the red plain,
On the left battery Pelham is slain.
Gently now comrades, take up the bier,
Bear it back quickly, the battle is near,

Rein down the charger, muffle the tread,
Weep, Light Artillery, Pelham is dead.

Soft ! let me look at the white, white face,
Fair as of woman, all womanly grace ;
Closed are the eyes that flashed on the field,
Broken the falchion that never would yield ;
Still is the heart that beat for his land,
Hushed is the voice, and cold is the hand ;
Never to ride with the ringing brigade,
Never to lead with the glittering blade,
Never to charge with the Red-Cross again —
Weep, Light Artillery ! — Pelham is slain.

Peace, Light Artillery ! 'tis the hero we bear ;
Brush back the threads of his bright sunny hair ;
Call him "the gallant," and tell him we weep.
Mighty in battle — how calm in his sleep !
All hail, ye his comrades ! Stifle your grief :
Look ! 'tis the face of your beautiful chief.
Droop, Red-Cross banner ! Pitiless gun
Peace ! — 'tis the ashes of Chivalry's son.

Weep, Alabama ! Another of thine
Hath pillow'd his soul at the ultimate shrine.
He passed from your midst to the valley of tears,
And left you the footprints of glorious years !
Droop, Red-Cross banner ! the gallant and brave
Slumbers but now for the echoless grave.
Rein down the charger ! Muffle the tread !
Weep, Alabama ! John Pelham is dead.

RODES'* BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES.

(May 30, 1862.)

DOWN by the valley 'mid thunder and light-
ning,

Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchred chambers, yet never dismayed,—
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond
Marched the bold warriors of Rodes' brigade.

See ye the fires and flashes still leaping,
See ye the beatings and peltings of storm,
See ye the banners of proud Alabama
In front of her columns move steadily on :
Hark ye the music that gladdens each comrade,
Riding on wings through torrents of sounds,
Hear ye the booming adown the red valley,
Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

* Afterward Maj. Gen. R. E. Rodes.

Twelfth Mississippi! I saw your brave column
Rush through the channels of living and dead;
Twelfth Alabama! why weep your "Old War-
Horse?"

He died as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines! You will tell on the pages of glory
How the blood of the south ebbed away 'neath
your shade,
How the lads of Virginia fought in the Red Valley,
And fell in the columns of Rodes' brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels,
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain,
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers,
Weep, for they never can come back again.
Weep ye; but know that the signet of freedom
Is stamped on the hillocks of earth newly made,
And know ye that Victory, the shrine of the mighty,
Shines forth on the banners of Rodes' brigade.

Maidens of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers,
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave,
Bring ye the emblems of Freedom and Victory,
Bring ye the emblems of Death and the grave.

* Col. R. T. Jones.

Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,
Bring ye exotics that never will fade,
Come to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond,
And crown the young chieftain who led his
brigade.

BEFORE GETTYSBURG.

(1863.)

FATHER, I pray Thee,
If I should die tomorrow on the field,
Oh, wilt not thou take me
Up from the battle-shock ! The warlike shield,
The spear, the banner, and the sword are mine ;
Glory and peace, death and the grave are Thine.

I am a soldier boy —
Down where the breeze is playing with the flowers,
I was my mother's joy,
Soft were God's stars and swift the tender hours ;
Then storm-clouds came from out the thunder's lair
And swept athwart our fields of summer air.

Father, the ocean grand
Wears not upon its breast a nobler sheen
Than does our motherland !
She sits a queen :
Swift are her sons to build her battle fires,
Her daughters weep, and sweep their war-time lyres.

I saw a gray-haired brave *
Upon the ramparts of the foe today,
His glittering sabre wave,
And toss in air his war-worn cap of gray :
“ I plant the Red Cross here ! ” — 'twas thus he cried,
And laid him on the cannon’s mouth and died.

I saw another too, † —
A fair-brown boy with yellow flaunting hair,
And gentle eyes of blue —
Wrapped in the blaze of cannon’s lurid glare,
Leading his legions up the steep of death,
With song upon his lip, give up his breath.

I saw a thousand more,
With dust of battle on their weary feet,
Pass to the other shore.
War-rent and riven in the whirlwind heat :
All hushed in death beneath the moon’s wan light, —
Father, are their brave souls with Thee tonight ?

* Brig. Gen. Armistead, of Virginia.

† Maj. Latimer, Maryland Artillery.

Father, may I not hear
The silver warbles of the birds again?
Or must a soldier's bier
Be mine tomorrow on the battle plain?
The spear, the banner, and the sword are mine,—
Glory and peace, death and the grave are Thine.

Father, may I not see
The deep blue mountains of my native land,
And hear again the glee
Of boyhood's happy home? Take Thou my hand:
The waving banners of the dawn I see,
The cannon's roar — Father, I trust in Thee.

ASHES OF THE PAST.

I am not old,
But I have seen some storms,
Some sunshine, too, upon the brink of time,
And as I strike my silent harp once more
Why may I not go backward on that stream
That ripples from the bosom of the past,
And tells of days departed and of griefs,
Buried, but not forgotten ?

I may touch
Some chord of tender minstrelsy pent up
And shrouded in the sepulchre of song,
Whose dying echo may awake the pulse
Of sleeping memory.

My lyre's tone
Goes outward to the vast of perished years,
When these old hills, time-scarched and battle-
scarred,
Lay blood-red in the shadows of the sun.

Down where the winds were playing with the
flowers,
And gentle streams go outward to the sea,
And violets came at early morn of spring,

Where, as a boy, I caught the sun's white light,
And heard the silver warbles of the birds,
There is a mother weeping for her sons,
And they are dead.

Long years have passed, and they
Have gone, not to return again. Their place
Is vacant by the cheerful fireside,
Their voices' tones are hushed upon our hills,
Their valiant hearts are stilled in silent death,
And all our valleys have been washed in tears !
They must not be forgotten — they went forth
Under that banner on whose brilliant folds
Was writ the name of Glory, and whose stars
Lit up their path to victory.

Then they died
And their red blood stained all our Southern land.
They were our brothers, tender in their love ;
They were so strong, yet gentle to the fair ;
They were so brave as they went up the steep,
And passed beyond the glory of the stars.
Bring on your flowers ! Strew them here where
lies

The white-haired warrior. His dear home is
scathed
Of all its joy. And when they cried for more
To man the storm-tossed bark, he gave his all,
Went forth, and sank amid the rifted spars :
What tomb is here?

It is the chieftain's home ;
The spear, the sabre, and the grave were his ;
The hero of a hundred battle scars,
He took the war path to the gates of death,
Passed through, and bore his banner to the skies.

Here lies a soldier, too,
A fair-browed boy,
With yellow, flaunting hair and gentle smile ;
Where is the beauty of his boyhood now ?
Where are his songs of happy, by-gone days ?
Where are those eyes that flashed ecstatic fire
Upon the battle front ? All 'neath this mound,
And the proud boy of Southland is a heap of
ruins,
A niobe his home, a time for tears,
A cross, a crown, a chaplet wreath of flowers, —
He wrote his name upon the heights of Fame,

Then laid him on the cannon's mouth and slept.
Long years have passed since then : sad are the
tears ;
Long years have passed :
Old soldiers, Fare you well !

A PRISON RELIC.

*(To a lady of Kentucky; suggested by a miniature.
Written at Fort Delaware while a prisoner of
war.)*

THEY bade me look upon thy peerless face,
Perchance to paint with humble artist's skill
The Parian linaments of matchless grace
That reign supreme. I would that I might fill
Pages enriched with beauties of thine eye,
Undimmed its lustre by the tears of life,
Upturned in all its angel purity,
Unknown to anguish and its bitter strife.
I never saw thee, Lady ; they decree
Thy soul a casket filled with wealth untold,
Twined with the leaflets of the Father's tree
Gemmed with the jewels of the Savior's mould :
I would that I might meet thee, but a gloom
Plutonian-mantled, rests upon my brow, —
I know not if the world in all its bloom
Shall ever hail me free ! I would know how
The shining waters of the streamlets chime
Their marriage-bells adown the woodland leas,
And how the monarchs of the night sublime
Ride their white steeds above the sinless breeze !

And oh, I cannot hear the voices of the birds,
The merry spring-time brings no joy to me,
The prison-house is mine : the captive words
Of hope die out like winds upon the sea.

The midnight of my life hangs o'er me here
Black as the thunders of a thousand storms,
Yet, gentle Lady, I have shed no tear
But for my dear old home and cherished forms.
Oh, tell me if that banner of our land
Still waves triumphant o'er the blood-stained
hills,
And if those lustrous stars in glory stand
Round that red crucifix. What countless ills
(Should those bright spheres pale from view) would
rise
From their dark tombs, and like the storm-girt
rain
In anger sweep across the southern skies,
Leaving their trace of sorrow and of pain !

I am a captive, fair one. My old home
Lies far among Virginia's sunny glades ;
Near by the Shenandoah's crested foam
Revels the while amid the mountain shades.

I am so weary waiting for the morn,
She sleeps so long in yonder eastern sky,
So weary waiting for her bugle horn
To call me from these chains before I die.
Farewell, thou daughter of a noble band,
My lute is almost broken — mark its swell
Dying upon the breezes of your native land, —
Listen! Forget thou not its sad farewell.
Lady, sweet Lady, my bark is sadly riven:
Remember me in all thy prayers to Heaven!

DIALECT VERSE

OLD MARSTER.

OLE Marster comin' thu' de bars,
Don't you hear dat horse a-snortin'?
Shuv dem marbuls in yer pocket,
Shet up an' hishe dat talkin',
Drap dat hoe agin de taters,—
Horsewhip mighty coolin',
Old Marster sorter curus
When he ketch de nigger foolin'.

Hi ! looker yonder, Ephrum
B'l'eve he gone down in de medder.
Jes fetch dem marbuls out agin,—
We'll hev a game toguther.
Wish I was white fokes !—
Eatin' sweet cake and muffin,
Bossin' er de niggers
Ridin' round un doin' nuthin.

Ole Marster lub de blooded horse,
Got plenty in de stable,
Bit and stirrups shinin'
Like silver on de table !

Ride ober to de uther place,
(Pocket full er money),
Arter while he cum back home
An' buck dat peach-an'-honey.

Ole Fiel-lark sing pooty chune
Eb'ry Sunday mornin' ;
Brer Ambrose at de meetin' house
To gie de niggers warnin'.
Ole Marster at de big church
Wid de 'ligious an' de sinner, —
And den he fetch de preacher
And all de people home to dinner !

Ole Marster got er heep er lan'
An' money bedout figgers ;
Ole Fiel full er horse and thing
An' quarter full er niggers.
He treat de black foks mighty well,
'Pear like 'tis in he nacher, —
Oberseer play de devil dough,
When he at de Legislacher !

Ole Marster war de high silk hat
And standin'-up shut collar :—
Shuv dem marbuls in yer pocket !—
Dat de oberseer holler.
Don't yer hear him 'hine de backer house ?—
Cowhide soon be rulin' !
Oberseer monsus curus
When he ketch de nigger foolin.'

BRER JOHN WILLIAMS.

SUN gwine be settin' when I git to de een,
Dis de longis' row dat uvvur I seen.
Don't yer hear dem Bull Frogs 'ginnin' fur to holler?
(Time I tun out dis mule, she gwine fur to waller.)
Whripperrill singin' mighty sweet on de creek,
O, we's gwine to hev a meetin' 'bout de larse er de
week.

Me un Miss Tildy got to start mighty soon,
Case Aunt Mandy Myers will be raisin' er de chune ;
Some will be ridin' and some will be warkin',
Un Brer John Williams he's agwine ter do de talkin'.
Un he say evvy time, jes afo' he take his seat,
" Whar'll be de charf when yer sif' out de wheat? "

Mule hine laig mity curus to diskibber,
Plenty cole water in de Shannydo' ribber :
On er nex' Sunday mornin' ef dem waves don't be
risin',
We's all gwine down ter der big baptisin'.
Mussy 'pun my soul un body ! what a-shoutin un
'nockin',
Un Brer John Williams he's gwine ter do de rockin'.
Un he say evvy time jes afo' he tek his seat,
Whar'll be de charf when yer sif' out de wheat? "

Ole Fox Squerl love de hicky-nut tree :
De baptis' man is de man fur me :
'Simmon mighty 'ceivin' fo' de Fros' fall 'pun it,
O Miss Tildy's agwine to w'ar de new bran bonnet !
'Ont de uther gals be sorry when dey see dem
 ribbons rompin'?
Un Brer John Williams he's agwine to do de
 trompin';
Un he say evvy time, 'jes afo' he tek he seat,
" Whar'll be de chaff when yer sif' out de wheat? "

I look in de eas', un I look in de wes' :
Weasel sorter keen arter speckle-hen nes',
Pecker-wood bobbin' gin de ole ellum tree, —
O Miss Tildy she promus to marry me !
'Oman onsartin like de fus spring wedder,
So Brer John Williams gwine ter read us toguther ;
Un he say evvy time jes afo' he tek his seat,
" Whar'll be de charf when yer sif' out de wheat? "

SUSE.

MORNIN', Mistis, howe you do?
Jes' bin lisnin' here fur you,
Peepin' thu' the chimbly crack
Wondrin' ef you mought come back.
Ole man mighty, strusted, mun,
Rheumatiz! — kin scarcely tun
'Pun de bade. Knowed yo tromp,
'Case hit got de qual'ty stormp.

Monsus lonesome here all day,
Black fokes evvy whicher way.
'Spencilvaney,' * some whar narr
Way out back, say 'tis fur
Un Richmun'. Chillun, too,
At cornder sto' er barbrycu.
Cyarn git gode er water fetch.
Lisinin' fur you. Drap the ketch.

Lord hev mussy! — Mistis tun
Dat cake er bread 'fo hit bun. —
I'se de onliest black fokes 'pun de lan' —
('Scusin' 'tis Suse) — doan' sile yo han'

* Spencilvaney—Pennsylvania.

Gin dat skillet. You know Suse,
My gran'darter, kin tote mo' news,
Un jaw terbul. Lonesome, sho',
Lisnin' fur you. Shet de do.

Tell me say she gwine er broad
Tooneymunt * er some whar. Gord !
What ail de niggers ? Nuff to strack
De angul Gabrul ! Lissen ! Fack !
Say she good es white fokes, too,
'Oman er man she doan' keer who, —
Leff dat bread dyah pun dat hoe,
Ole Sattun† gwine git dat villium,‡ sho.

Say she tired nussin' me
Bedout § no wedges — say she free.
Want silk frock un white-fokes' shoe,
(Dat heel er her'n gwine bus jam thu'
Her foot dat big !) 'Tis scandlus' mun.
How dat gal do arter all I'se done.
Ole Sattun gwine wish hesef was 'scuse,
When he jab dat thee-prong fork in Suse !

* tournament. † Satan. ‡ villain.
§ without.

I'se try to fetch dat gal up squar'
I'se whrip her tel she 'larm out Fyar,
I'se spute, un stormp, * un swet, un swar, —
I'se gie her to de Lord in prar.
But the Lord ain' 'ticular bout prar un thing
When hit all twiss up wid de 'pigin'-wing,
Un he ain' gwine git he mine confuse
'Bout somp'n nurr wid foot like Suse.

You cyarn on-change dat nigger, mun !
She's w'ar me out from stem to stun.
She's pint'ly got de devil in her,
You cyarn do *nuttin*, wid er on-Chrischun sin-
ner.—
Ole man mighty thankful, sho'
Fur all you's done Mistis. Onlatch de do'.
Cyarn git gode er water fetch !—
Sarvent, Mistis, drap de ketch.

* stamp.

DE OLE MAN MIGHTY POLY.

(*Uncle Rosewell's reminiscence.*)

IS dat you little Mistis,
Wid yer Bible in yer han'?
Been readin' out de Scripcher
To de black fokes on de lan'?
I'se waitin' fur yer little tromp
Dis long time on de flo',
So lif the latch un tek a cheer,
Un shet de cabin do'.

De ole man monsus po'ly
When the win she 'gin to riz,
Wid de mis'ry in de shoulder,
Un de cramps un rheumatiz.
I ketch um in the low grounds
Whar yer hear dem axes ring
When we wus cl'arin' up fur corn
Un burnin' bresh dat spring.

Sebenty year? — dat I is,
Un mo' un sebenty, too;
Marse Tom un me was chillun
When de san' fiel' dike was new;

Dat been ebber since dis long time,
(Fo dem people come down here) now,
Quoilin' un fightin', un doin':
 What ail um enny how?

Tork some 'bout dem ole times ?
 So painful, dat I is.
Jes' wait tell I mout git venger
 On dish here rheumatiz,
Yer been hear tell 'bout de Randuff's
 De Pages un de Lees.
Had money, little Mistis,
 Same like leaf 'pun top de trees !

Ole Marster down at Broadnake *
 Norf Wales wus his'n "mine" !
Un Shully † on Jeems river
 Likewise wus New Design,
De Nelsons un de Burrells,
 De Braxtons un de Buds ‡
Un de white fokes down at Brandon —
 Gret king ! dem wus de bloods !

* Broadneck. † Shirley. ‡ Byrds.

(Yer 'lations? Yarse, my Mistis)

I was raise at Sabin Hall ;
Two thousan' bar'l on dat ar place
Pintly worn't no crap at all !
Un it 'pear like de wheat down Rugers
('Scusin' dat gin de ole Fiel' Mash)
Grow tall es de bud-nis up in de tree —
Chile, dat worn't no po-white trash !

Oh Mistis in de kerridge
Wid dem two prancin' bays,
Gwine all roun' to Westover Chu'ch !
Fo de Lord ! — but dem wus days !
Brer Planter, proud-like up in de boot,
Wid de brarse ban' 'roun'he hat,
Un Jonas boy, wid he white shut on : —
I ain' see no times like dat.

Un den dem dinner parties —
Hev mussy 'pun my soul ! —
Cross at Marse Wash Bassett place —
Roll, Jerdin, roll !
(Clober Lea, over de riber, chile)
De table fyar trimble un creak
Wid de ham, un de lam', un wine un thing,
Endurin' de whole er de week.

Un dey tell me say, little Mistis,
T' hev black fokes 'tis gin de law;
But ef my ole marster hadder been live
Dyar wooden er been no war:
An I speck it 'ont be Krismus
Fo' dis Rosewell hev to go,
Case de ole man mighty po'ly—
Sarvent, Mistis,— shet de do.

WHAR DEM AXES USE TO RING.

'Taint' no people at de quarters, whar dem
quarters used ter be,
De pecker-wood doan' peck no mo' agin de ellum
tree,
De tater-bug jes' res' hese'f 'pun top de tater-vine
Un 'fo' de war de tater-bug ain' 'sturb nobody,
mine.
De hade er evvy cullud man, un cullud 'oman too,
Is chock full up un jam up tight wid som'p'n' dat is
new.
De dorg dey call de 'possum dorg ain't nutt'in' but
a fool,
It 'pear ter me dis country got de cyart befo' de
mule.

De chillun doan' tote bread no mo', down ter de fur
low greun',
Dey's ramblin' evvy whicher way ter cornder sto'
un roun',
De yaller man f'om up de Norf gie out he larnin'
school,
He better larn um how ter hole de plow behine de
mule.

De parster fiel is 'nately un stark run med wid bresh.
De Water Gap is done bus out an' let in all de
fresh.

'Stidder de crap, 'tis 'lection-day un toonyment un
thing,
Un dyar ain' no axes ringin' whar dem axes used
ter ring.

Ole Marster dade dis long time — we was one mont'
chillun sho' ;

Turr year we bury Mistis whar de aldy blossom
grow.

Brer Ephum gone un Marshall whar drive de white
fokes kerrige,

Cow miner Joe he dade too, un Ben what ten de
ferri'ge.

Hit 'pear like somp'in' nurr done breck, de place dat
monsus still,

Un de ole man mighty 'strusted when de damp
come up de hill,

But I'd swap mer bigges' rooster, ef Chris'mus come
mought bring

De ringin' er dem axes whar dem axes use ter ring.

"Ailsy"—dat's my wife, sah; er good wife she
was ter me—

Had straight hyar, er fyar skin 'oman as ever you
wish ter see.

She nu's' de white fokes' chillun, up at de gre't
house dyar,

Den dey lef her dade in de mountains, at de Sulphur
Springs somewhar.

Does you 'member dem days, Marster? No, you
worn' sca'cely born.

Tain' no people at de quarters Ailsy un all is gone.
Un some days when I hobble out down ter de parf-
side spring,

I listen un I listen, but dyar doan' no axes ring.

How ole is I? Hundred? Gord! I mo' un dat, I
boun' ;

I born de year de Gennerl's Storb Cunwallis at
Yorktown.

I was fetch up on Jeemes River, 'long er yo' gran'pa
un ma.

Den de army it breck out, un come, un bu'n de lan'
up Fyar.

Un I'se de larse er all dat's lef', 'scusin' 'tis little
Jim,
I 'low de place would be lonesomer 'ceppin' 't wus
fur him.
Un Marster, when de ole man gone, long 'bout de
time er spring,
When the reed-bud nessin' in de ma'sh, un de robin
'gin ter sing,
Mought I ask you fur ter res' him whar dem axes
use ter ring !

CHUNE ER DAT HEBENLY HARP.

CHILLUN, I bin down de hill fur to pray,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Ole Sattun he gwine bofe night un day,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Judgmun' Day is er comin' soon,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Plant dem taters 'pun de 'crease er de moon,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Sinner 'pun top er sinner m'one,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Doan mark my back, un I ont mark yone,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

'Tis scand'l'us how ole Sattun do,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Hide dat goose-nake, — Hally lu !
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

White man eat he cake un thing,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Jay-bud twiss he tail un sing,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Bal' face horse eat Marster' grarse,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Nigger big foot out medger de larse,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Po' nigger wid he han' un foot bofe bine,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

White man vex mer soul un mine,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Down to torment wid dey eye-ball shet —
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Mink know de niss whar de yaller hen set,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Shuv dat horg-laig under de chiss,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Brer Zek'yul he holler, he rock, un he twiss,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Patteroller comin' thu' de white man fiel',
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

What dat bu'n nin'? — Gord ! 'Tis mer heel ! —
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

Sis Mony un me is bin baptize,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.
Overseer tote roun' heap er lies,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.
Down in the water whar Gord done bless,
Chune er dot hebenly harp.
Den up ter glory fur ter teck mer ress,
Chune er dat hebenly harp.

DAT YALLER MULE.

WHUT I gwine do wid dis here yaller mule?
 'Pear like to me she 'fusin' fur to wuck;
'Tis 'nough to 'strac' er Baptis' she sech a fool,—
 Dyar 'tis!—see dat!—de single-tree done bruck,
I 'clar to goodness ef she ain' tu'n roun',
Un ev'y trace un thing 'pun top de groun'.

“ Whut ail yer, mule?—out-dacious ain' de wud,
 Ef yer don' quit yer fooln'ish, fus thing yer know,
I meck dis whrip fly roun' yer like some bud
 Or narr,*—Name er Gord! How I gwine s'cyo',†
Dis 'tater crap, un wuck de white fokes' lan'?—
Dyar go de whip!—She kick it out mer han'.

Weh,‡ horse,—or whatsumnever is yer name;
 Yer suddenly beat mer time, un dats fur sho'.
Just look a-yonder what yer fling dem hame
 Un collar bofe, smack in de 'tater row.
Ef I jes worn't a Baptis' I mout cuss!—
Uv all de thing I see yer is de wus.”

* another.

† secure.

‡ whoa.

How I gwine plow dese 'taters I dun know—
Wid dis here yaller thing ; look at de sun
Dun way up yonder, un dyar ain' no row
Wuck yit! — I boun' I meck her bun
Torectly ! — nine-un-thutty wouldn' 'scuse her,—
Un den de white folks teck un say I 'buse her.

I *wish* yer was in torment yer 'fuse me, mun,
Gwine roun' un roun' here like some ball or n'ur'r,—
Dyar 'tis agin ! — Gre't King ! — she tail dun tu'n
Whar jes dis minute wus her rabbit ear !
Yer 'range my min', un 'sturb me thu' and thu',
Un I got 'ligion, un is a preacher too.

How I gwine fetch de chillun 'long de road
When Sunday come ! — un rock, un tromp, un
shout,
Un tell 'em how dey got ter tote de load,
Un talk mer 'spe'unce to 'em ? — What yer 'bout ?
Jes' looker dyar ! *I mout as well be dade;*
Dis devil ain' gwine lef me hat nor hade !

Er vex'ious villain ! — I'se dun wid her.

Gworn ! * Run ! — Sailin' her hade f'om side ter
side

Jes' like † Skunner ! dat all she fitten fur,

Un kickin' black folks outen hyar un hyde !

I gwine ter barn un lef' de 'gregious fool ;

I kyarn ‡ do nuttin wid dat yaller mule !

* go on.

† schooner.

‡ can't.

'LIDGEON UN DE NIGGER.

Fo' you clam up wid de angels you got ter lef
yer sin,
Fo' you holler in de meetin' you mus' be borned
ag'in ;
Fo' you gie de white man pledger you gotter git up
mighty soon,
Un' fo' you sop de skillet, you got ter ketch up wid
de 'coon.
Fo' you 'rastle wid de Scripcher, you got ter be
baptize,
Un gie de water million chance un lef' off tellin'
lies :
Den you 'gin ter sniff de breezes dat is 'long de
hebenly parf,
Siffen all de wheat out fur yo'se'f, un 'scusin' dat
what's charf.

Now dyar is Brer Ableham f'om yonder 'cross de
crick
Fur zortin in de meetin' he kin knock de bigges'
lick ;
Er' shoutin' un er trompin' tell he fyarly fit to bus',—
Den I know my water million gwine ter git right up
an' dus'.

Un when I hear him tote de chune 'long side er
Sister Luce
I gwine ter keep my eye-ball sot squar' 'gin my
chicken roos'e;
Un when he ramble Scripcher in he high-furlutin'
style,
I gwine straight home un chain mer dorg jam gin my
fodder pile.

Now dis is what de diff'unce is 'twix' 'lidgeon un de
nigger;
You got ter nu's dis 'lidgeon tell 'tis biggerer un
bigger;
You got ter nu's it in de church, un in de 'tater-
row,
Er-talkin out yer 'spe'unce, un er wuckin' wid de
hoe.
'Case dis 'lidgeon er de nigger is er munsus curus
thing,
Hit 'low you to de chicken roos'e, but not de pigeon-
wing.
So you got ter nu's dis 'lidgeon tell 'tis biggerer un
bigger,
Un when he's nigh de million patch you got te nu's
de nigger.

PL'OWHAN SONG.

OLE Luce mule dun bruck out' de parster,—
(Whar you gwine wid yer good clo'es on?)
Ever I walk to'ds her de wus she run de farster,—
Nigger mighty happy when he hear de dinner horn.

Rooster keep a-crowin' at de fus o' de dawnin';
Ole Marster got money shos' yer born!
Oberseer quoil time he git up in the mornin';
Nigger mighty happy when he hear de dinner horn.

Little Tom Christchun waitin' in the dine-room,
Shoes an' collar, and white shut on:
Ole mistis keep de dimi-john lock up in de wine
room;
Nigger mighty happy when he hear de dinner horn.

Down in de ma'sh whar de bull frogs's hollerin'
Cullud man wuckin' all day in de corn;
Righten' up de plow-pint 'ginst yer go to follerin';
Nigger mighty happy when he hear de dinner horn.

Jay-bud twiss hesef den he go to chatterin';
Jew-drops fallin' on de white fokes lawn;
Mule look sorry when de trace chain rattlin',
Nigger mighty happy when he hear de dinner
horn!

LET UP LUCIFER.

DE hills an' de valleys is 'ginnin fur to smile,
I'se gwine in the bushes fur to pray,
'Case de 'tater bug's er waitin' an' er studyin' al de
while

How he's gwine to eat de 'tater vine away.
Den " Let up Lucifer " gie us a res',
I'se gwine in de bushes in my wucker-day dress,
I'se gwine in to rassel, holler an' pray,
'Case de 'tater bug's comin', an' er comin' dis way.

De gi'nt wurrum's quarlin' and turnin' in de hole,
I'se gwine in the bushes fur to pray,
He's whettin' up his appetite, " Oh, my soul,"
How he's gwine to put the wheat crap away.
Den " Let up Lucifer " gie us a res',
I'se gwine in de bushes in my wucker-day dress,
I'se gwine in to rassel, holler, an' pray,
'Case de gi'nt wurrum's comin', an' er comin' dis way.

De sparrer hawk's flyin' mighty lo' in de sky,
I'se gwine in de bushes fur to pray,
'Pun de yaller hen chicken dat hawk have got his
eye —
He's er settin' an' er watchin' all day.

Den "Let up Lucifer" gie us er res',
I'se gwine in de bushes in my wucker-day dress.
I'se gwine in to rassel, holler, an' pray,
'Case de sparrer hawk's flyin', an' flyin' dis way.

Dyah's heep er chin-music in dis here lan',
I'se gwine in de bushes fur to pray,
De candy-dates fur office is thick as san',
An' day's ridin' roun' ev'y whicher way,
Den "Let up Lucifer" gie us er res',
I'se gwine in de bushes in my wucker-day dress,
I'se gwine in to rassel, holler, an' pray,
An' I scape from de candy-date dat's comin' dis
way.

De mawkin'bird singin' mighty sweet on de rail,
I'se gwine in de bushes fur to pray,
He's er wakin' up de poets an' er twissen er he tail,
An' dat poet-man's er comin' dis way.
Den "Let up Lucifer" gie us a res',
I'se gwine in de bushes in my wucker-day dress,
I'se gwine in to rassel, holler, an' pray,
Dat de Lord'll keep dat poet-man from comin' dis
way.

MY LITTLE PABY.

DOT ish mine leetle paby dot ish blayin' all
aroundt
Mit some pooty leetly curls upon her headt;
I lofe dot leetle paby ven she's shleepin' all so
soundt—
Ven her shtomach ache I *vish dot I vas deadt!*
'Shoost den dot leetle paby vill pe cryin' out mit
schreams
Vat I does not vish to hear dem all de v'ile,
Und der mudder vill pe scholdin' dot she 'vant some
bleasant dreams;
And dat I moost rock der cradle mit dot chile.

Den in der freezin' midnight, ven all ish coldt
aroundt,
Mit not some preetches on I leef mine pedt,
Mit der schreamin's of dot paby, unt some schol-
ins— you'll pe pound!—
Mine friendt,— shoost den I vish dot I vas deadt.
“ Mine gracious, vat's der matter? ” I hear some
pody say,
Ven I knock der dable ober py der door,
“ You leef dot parrogorick where dot parrogorick
shtay

And shust valk dot paby oop und down dot floor ! ”
Den I valks apout dot room somedimes
Und prakes my lecks some more.

Und shmask some leetle dricks aroundt dot pedt—
Und den somepody vake oop mit a doonter shplit-
tin snore,—
Mine Friendt,— shoost den I vish dot I vas deadt.
Und den she say, “ Vy vot ish dot? You ish der
greatest crank.
Vat vill it pe ven dere ish tree or four ? ”
I say, “ Mine, dear, I gife dem sooch a everlarshtin
spank,
Dot dey vill not hapf der shtomach ache some more ! ”

BLUE RIDGE LORE.

THE OLD MAN AT THE MILL.

I RALY hain't been round the place
Sence Uncle Jessup died,
Yet the mill-race keeps a-runnin'
With the slickes' kine o' tide ;
The yellow sun o' evenin'
Sets the willers all aflame,
An' the geese they keeps a-swimmin'
On the mill-race all the same.

I raly hain't a-keering
Fur to loaf around the place,
Sence Uncle Jessup went away
I'd miss his hones' face ;
So o' Saturdays or tharabouts,
That little chap o' mine,
Elleck Willium (that's his grandpap's name)
Tecks 'roun the grist to grine.

Thar's heeps o' things to mind me
And fetch him back agin—
The shadders o' them willers
An' the sun a-peepin' in,—

The little room aj'inin'
Whar the buz saw use to whew,
I raly think to hear that saw
'Twould bust my heart in two.

An' thar's the bench a-side the mill
Whar him and me would sit,
A-lis'nin' to the whipperwill
That hadn't roosted yit —
A-lis'nin' to them tinklin' bells
Beyant the willer row,
Like the tech on some sof' instrooment
That I have hearn afo'.

Thar's heeps o' things to min' me
An' fetch him back ag'in,
The tinkling o' them cow-bells
An' the cows a-comin' in ;
In the airy dusk o' evenin'
When the red is in the a'r,
Elleck Willium 'lowed he hearn them bells
When he were over thar.

The mocking-bird a-singing
On the pump across the way,
Elleck Willium 'lowed that mocking bird
Were singing yesterday ;
In the early wet o' morning,
In the dusk o' evening still,
Oh thar's heeps o' things to 'mind me
O' the old man at the mill.

Like the teches on some instrooment.
The tinkling o' them bells —
Comes up beyant the orchard —
In the softest kind o' swells ;
Elleck Willium hearn 'em yesterday,
An' 'lowed the whipperwill
Was singing fit to bust, but whar's
The old man at the mill ?

So I raly ain't a-keering,
Fur to loaf aroun' the place
Sence Uncle Jessup went away,
I'd miss his hones' face,
Onlest t'was on some evening,
When the red was in the a'r,
I mought fling a rose or somp'n
To'des the graveyard over thar.

WHAR'S ALL THE BOYS?

I WANT to see some of the boys—
That use to run with me

Long 'bout the time of '59,

Or '60 it mought be.

Some twenty-five or thirty years,

Jes' figger as you mind,

Thar's mo' of them that isn't here

Than they that's left behind.

I'd rather clamb back up the hill—

Than do mos' anything,

An' look tow'ds home an' sniff agin

The apple bloom of Spring—

That busted every whar, an' oh!—

The song and jubilee—

I want to see some of the boys

That used to run with me.

I wonder whar's Kentucky Lige,

An' whar air Curly Syd,

And Country Pumps from Baltimore

An' I fergit that kid

The little loot that schooled with me
From 'way down in the cane,
He had the bigges' sugar place—
From Mexico to Maine.

Whar's Hallyloo (Lew Thatcher),
From way down in Orleans?
Lew drapped a river cotton place
A buckin' 'gin three queens.
But that's been many a time ago
(He's preechin' now I hearn),
An' Lew had many shekel,
An' he didn't keer a durn.

Whar's Julius C. an' Bynum
From down in Loosian,
An' Gen'ral Nat from Vicksburg?
Nat soldiered like a man.
And handsome Will from Georgy —
That runned it ruther late
O' nights, but I allow that Will
Have retched the Jasper gate.
And little Reuben Silvers,
That scouted for Fitz Lee —
I wonder whar air leetle Reub,
That use to run with me.

I'd like to shook 'em by the hand,
An' snif' the apple bloom—
That blowed acrost the cotton lands
Of long ago an' home.

I'd like to hear them fur cow-bells,
The jingle an' the low
An' Hoper's Rufe a driving 'em,
An' Hoper's leetle Bo —
A-shoutin' an' a-whoopin',
Oh the song and jubilee,
I'd like to see some of the boys —
That use to run with me.

I'd like to shook 'em by the hand,
I wonder whar they air.
An' yet ef I went home agin,
I shouldn't find 'em there,
A long o' time an' rattle —
The whoopin' shine that comes —
But onct along o' early spring
Went out with marching drums.

An' handsome Will from Georgy,
An' Lige an' Syd an Bo —
That leetle chap o' Hoper's —
That ringed the cows up so,

They rid out with the cavalry
Along o' me an' mo—
Besides, But I forgit it's been,
It's been so long ago,
An' meebby thar's some flowers whar—
Them boys is layin' low.

MISCELLANEOUS.



NANCY'S GONE TO BOSTON TOWN.

NANCY'S gone to Boston town,
Ho, lads, for Nancy !
Boston lads of Boston town,
'Rah! 'Rah! for Nancy ;
'Tis the reason, 'tis the why,
Your stars go twinkling all the night,
Nancy lights them with her eye ;
It's a flash 'twixt night and light ;
Hear the clinkle of her shoon,
That's a song (her eyes are brown)
Listen lads and catch the tune,
Nancy's gone to Boston town.

Ring your bells in Boston town,
Ho, lads, for Nancy ;
Boston lads of Boston town,
Hip ! Hip ! for Nancy ;
'Tis the why and reason, too,
Your birds wake up and sing for fun,
Nancy smiles, they think its dew,
Dropping, dropping in the sun.

Hear the clinkle of her shoon,
Hear the swish of her new gown,
That's a song, just catch the tune,
Nancy's gone to Boston town.

Toss your caps in Boston town,
Ho, lads for Nancy ;
Boston lads of Boston town,
A rat'ling cup for Nancy ;
'Tis the reason, 'tis the why,
No star is seen nor bird at South,
To woo the flashes of her eye
And win the smiles about her mouth ;
Miss the clinkle of her shoon,
Miss the swish of her new gown ;
That's a song, we miss the tune,
Nancy's up to Boston town.

MAMMY'S SONG.

BRER Moses fetch dem chillun thu —
De promus lan' oh de promus lan',
He tromp thu de fros, de snow, and de jew,
An' he whoop an' he holler at de littles' man,
An' he say " Ole Zachry, you to short fur me,
Jes' drap out de line and clom dat tree,"
Ring er dem golden bells.

Brer Nora lan' dat ark mighty high,
An' he count dem beases two by two,
Tell he come to de flea at de little pig sty,
An' he say, " Mr. Flea, I'se gwine to ketch you."
But de flea he wink he eye 'case he couldn't flew,
An' he jump tell he jump 'pon de kangaroo.
Ring er dem golden bells.

Brer Sampson tote dem gates away
Long de big road to Gazy town,
De jaw-bone rattle tell de mule he bray,
Den Sampson juck de grit house down,
An' he say, " I'se gwine to kill you all
'Case de white 'oman meck my hade so ball."
Ring er dem golden bells.

HER BONNET.

HER bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It flouts the world as she goes by,
It's tied down by the sweetest string,
I'd love to be that string, but my !
The bonnet might not be the thing,
So sweet if I should be the string.

Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It tips a bit above her eye,
The birds, the birds begin to sing,
They want to sing as she goes by,
They think it's daybreak, and, oh my !
It's just because she's passing by.

Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It roofs in just the sweetest hair,
And eyes and mouth — the birds will sing,
They think it's spring when she is there,
It's just because she's passing by,
I want that bonnet, but, oh my !

White rose of roses, why be shy
About the sweetest bonnet string,
The lads, the lads will sigh and sigh,
For God's white rose that makes it spring
And daybreak for the birds, and I —
Just want that bonnet, but, oh my !

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR.

IF I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear,"
And stretch my hand to touch your sun-burst
hair,

And say, and say "Good night!" Oh! would you
hear?

And if I said, "Sweetheart!" Oh! would you care?
From out God's holy realms, oh! would you hear,
If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear?"

If I should say to-night, "I'm tired, dear,"
And stretch my hand to lay it in your own,
And say, and say "Sweet rest!" Oh! would you
hear?

And if I said, "I'm tired," would its tone
Go up behind the stars and would you hear
If I should say to-night, "God bless you, dear."

If I should say to-night, "The years are drear,"
And send my tears to fill the ocean's home,
And say, and say "Oh, life!" then would you hear?
And if I said, "Sweet death!" oh! would you
come

And lead me to the Master's feet and hear
Me say to-night, to-night, "God bless you, dear."

MISTER RICHARDS LEADS DE
GERMAN.

GIT yo ladies, jine hans all' roun',
De german done commence.
You 'Lisbeth Jim, you mos' too swif',
Now tromp it wid some sense ;
Whar you gwine Amus? 'pears to me,
You spilin' all de figgers,
Dat mornin' glory heel er yone
Gwine smother all de niggers.
Now Napper John swing Mandy out,
An' hit er Sunday lick,
Keep up de plank and sho' de folkes
You come from 'cross de crick ;
Swop cornders Remus, " knock de jice,"
An' rar back wid Carline,
When you come to dis borbicue
Please left your corns behine.

Dyah, dat's de soap, pass compliments,
Mo rossum on de bow,
Dat yellow gal from Jimson Ford,
Stormp dus' clean out de flo'.

Studdy you sef' dyah, Pollydo,
Wid Angelina Luce,
Dat's de ugliest little nigger
Ever rob a chicken roose.

S'lute pardner's all ! Miss Haly Ann,
Who larn you dem jimnax,
You'se scand'lous Mun! you sixteen shoe,
Dun chock up all de cracks ;
Down to de middle, back and rock,
Drap out and pass de plate,
No niggers gwine to boss dis show,
An' retch de Jasper gate !

BARNEY McCRACKEN.

O H, Barney McCracken
I've jist come by the mill,
The water's stopped runnin',
And the mill wheel is still.
My heart's all a burstin'
There's niver a rose,
Nor bonny swate william —
By the window that grows.
My heart's all a burstin'
There's no grist at the mill,
Oh, Barney McCracken
Are ye lovin' me still?

Oh, Barney McCracken,
To the mad wars ye wint,
Sich a beautiful soger,
And your eye had the glint —
Of the apple bough blossom,
Whin it's kist by the dew,
And ye spake to me tears,
Ye'd be tinder and true.

My heart's all a burstin',
I've jist come by the mill,
Oh, Barney McCracken
Are ye lovin' me still?

Oh, Barney McCracken,
Ye was fit for a king,
All crowned up wid jewels—
Sich a beautiful thing,
Whin the rose and swate william
Was blazin wid light,
And niver a boom
Of the battle in sight.
My heart's all a burstin',
There's no grist at the mill,
Ye was kilt with the battle,
Are ye lovin' me still?
Oh, Barney McCracken
I am lovin' ye still.

WHEN EVENING COMES.

WHEN evening comes
And God's white sun hath gone,
And all the birds, the happy birds are still,
You'll miss the touch that made the evening morn,
The tender touch, the clasp, the gentle thrill!
You'll even miss the solace of sad tears,
For tears when saddest do not come at will.
What will you do ?

What will you do ?
When evening shadows come,
And God's white sun hath gone behind the main,
You'll miss the soft caress that made it home,
The light of lights that will not come again,
You'll even miss the saddest tears of all,
The tears, the tears that come and sweeten pain.
What will you do ?

What will you do ?
A prisoner of grief —
When evening comes across the lattice bar
You'll miss the kiss — the rapture of relief —

At even song, at song of even star,
 You'll even miss the saddest tears of all,
They will not come across the lattice bar —
 What will you do ?

Put off thy grief, and kiss the chastening rod
The tears that come drop from the eyes of God,
— When evening comes —

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